

Rangeley Lakes.

VOL. II.

RANGELEY, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1897.

NO. 41.

IN GREENVALE.

First Public House in Rangeley Region.

Indian Rock Hotel was Name Under which it was Christened.

MANY PROMINENT PEOPLE HAVE ENJOYED ITS HOSPITALITY AND FOUND SPORT.

In 1860 E. Darwin Prescott moved to Greenvale Plantation and took charge of the saw mill, near where the Greenvale post office is now located. He lived in the mill house now occupied by Frank Hight.

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott took care of the very few sportsmen that chanced to visit the lakes.

During the year 1861, the number increased so that the idea of opening a public house dawned upon them, and in the spring of 1862, Mr. Prescott bought the Hoar farm and house which afterwards became the well known Greenvale House.

About May 1, 1862, there arrived at this new hotel the following well remembered sportsmen: Ira Leonard, Samuel Pierce and Jacob Nichols, from Massachusetts.

It was then decided to put up a sign, and the name of Indian Rock Hotel was selected. The sign was made and painted and Mr. Leonard was boss in putting it up. A hole was dug and the post put in and held in place by poles till rocks could be rolled in to hold securely. Mr. Leonard was holding the post in position, when a large stone was thrown against it with such force as to let loose one of the poles and down it came on the head of the poor boss. As Mr. Prescott remembers it, there were some remarks made by Mr. Leonard when he picked himself up. They were of such nature that it is not deemed necessary to record them here, that duty having been attended to by one who notes all things.

But the post was set up at last, and "Indian Rock Hotel" was duly christened. For a few years this was the only hotel on Rangeley lake, and as business increased the house was enlarged and the name changed to Greenvale House. Mr. Prescott left the hotel in 1871 and was succeeded by Henry T. Kimball. Since then the house has had many proprietors up to 1895, when it was burned.

When Rangeley has grown to a good sized town and become the leading inland summer resort of the State, the attractions of the cascade stream, which flows through the old hotel grounds, may cause another hotel to spring up from its ashes.

The first party that Mr. Prescott had after moving to Greenvale was C. M. Bailey and Dr. Bailey, of Winthrop, and Barlow Stevens, of New York, a native of Phillips or Berlin, and G. W. Eveleth, of Phillips, now residing in Denver, Colo. This party were headed for the outlet of Rangeley Lake, but told Mr. Prescott they would return such a day and would want a 6 o'clock dinner and they wanted trout. This was in July, 1860, and on the day named Mr. Prescott's son, Augustus, went fishing and returned in a short time with a large string of handsome trout. As it was just in the height of the season for strawberries a quantity of them were picked and when the fishermen returned and found such a feast, they could hardly find words with which to express their ap-

proval. The rate of board established was \$1 per day but Mr. Bailey paid double that amount saying he would not take any change in return.

In September of the same year, Mr. Prescott, Dan Quimby and Watt Moulton started one afternoon to row down to the foot of the lake. They had an old boat not much like the boats of the present time, the oars were heavy and clumsy and long before they reached the outlet it was dark. Once in a while an object could be made out when they were near the shore. Finally they heard the sound of oars not far off and knowing no one but George Soule would be in that vicinity they hailed him and received his reply and following him they reached the shore.

They camped in the remains of the old Rangeley mill. Next morning they asked Mr. Soule if he couldn't give them some fish and save them the trouble of fishing. He thought he might have a few and went into his camp and brought out a couple of three and five pounds weight. "Oh, you have got more than these that will spoil if you don't get rid of them," said Mr. Prescott. "That's so," said Mr. Soule, "and if you will take them home with you I'll give you all I have."

"We'll do that certainly" was the reply.

They repented when Mr. Soule staggered out with a bushel basket heaped with trout.

However they strung them on a rope and got them into their boat. When they reached the other end of the lake they had a mile to carry them. A fence rail was produced, and the rope full of fish fastened to this and the swaying of the fish as they wended their way home caused them to make a very crooked trail. The rail bent so that at times some of the fish dragged on the ground.

In the lot were two that weighed after being dressed 15 pounds, one seven and the other eight. These two were given to a man from Gardiner.

This was in the days of no protection, it was "catch as catch can." Thirty-six years later with all the protection the lakes have had, this amount would be very insignificant if the same method of taking was resorted to. Look at the tons of fish that were seen on the spawning beds last fall. Protection does protect, there can be no doubt of it.

Reign of Lace Begins.

The demand for lace is increasing constantly. It now enters into the composition of most of the new smart dresses. Shell pleatings between open fronts, lace boleros, berthas, and epaulettes, lace frillings surmounting high collars, and lace ruffles to long sleeves and the bodice, brought out at this time always shadow forth spring fashions.

Sleeves are being slowly and surely curtailed in width, but the ornamentations about the top of the armhole is maintained, and this is partly composed of lace.

The revival of the skirt open in front so as to show a tablier of another material is also a style which entails a considerable expenditure of lace, either in the form of piece lace or of flouncings.

Since evening dresses of the latest pattern in tulle or mousseline de soie are in many cases finished with deep flounces of lace, it follows, almost as a matter of course, that many summer costumes will be trimmed in like manner. Piece lace must also be reckoned as a dress material applicable to evening and summer wear.

RANGELEY RECOLLECTIONS.

Next preceding the extension of the railroad to Rangeley the most important event in the history of the settlement was the opening of "the new road" along the eastern extremity of the lake and thence to Long pond and the lower Sandy river pond, where it joined the old road. This was early in the 40's. Previously travel to the outside world was over a very rough and declivitous spur of Saddleback mountain.

From what is now Greenvale the new route was over a winter road cleared by Rangeley for the transportation of lumber to market. From his saw mills on the outlet of the lake he shipped their product of boards, clapboards and shingles to the upper inlet in a great flat-bottomed sailboat called a gondalo, a name traceable to the Italian "gondola." His sawing machinery, the finest of the day, came from England; and it was a prime entertainment of the settlers to see it in operation while they were waiting for their grists to be ground.

There was but one run of stones and between those went wheat, barley and oats, together with the little corn raised north of Saddleback. The first miller here of whom I have record was Thomas Chase, father of Maine's most renowned poet, the sweet singer, "Florence Percy." The next of whom I have knowledge was John Haley, Sr. After him were Hugh Staples, Peter Haines and Mr. Bowley, grandfather of Mr. Bowley of the Mountain View House, and others.

These, of course, were the earliest mills in the settlement, and when they had gone to ruin a grist-mill was built on the tiny outlet of Quimby pond by Joseph Ellis, who came to the place from Augusta. This mill had only a short career. Ellis was long ago engaged hauling pine trees to the sea-coast for ship-masts. He lived near David Quimby until he moved from the place. Another grist mill was built on the outlet of Long Pond, and early in the 50's Joseph Hoar erected a saw mill on a stream crossing his farm—the farm now owned and occupied by his son Luther Nile. All of these mills are gone.

Going to the old Rangeley grist mill at the outlet afforded an interesting glimpse of frontier life. From there to the eastern extremity of the settlement was a distance of about ten miles by a road in places difficult to travel with wheels; so when access to the mill was not open over the frozen lake and by snow roads, we carried our grain to mill in bags on horseback. The proper balancing and fastening to the saddle of these loads and the securing of a comfortable seat on top was no insignificant problem in those days, and very stimulative of an appetite for "flour bread" when we got home.

To return to "the new road:" When it was open to travel there was not as I recollect, more than one house between John Lamb's and the Hankerson's in Madrid. That house was the shed-like structure of Uncle Boodry's, perhaps half a mile south of the present home of Luther Nile. So it followed that on cold winter days, when starting for the long drive "through the woods," we were glad to stop at Uncle Boodry's and reinforce our physical warmth in the glow of his

great stone fire-place, from which the smoke arose through a chimney built of sticks and clay. Here we not only received bodily warmth, but a welcome that warmed the soul, for Uncle Boodry was a genial spirit, with a cordially responsive laugh so cavernous that one could look far down into his throat. He was a "well read" man and discussed the events of the day with intelligence. The shape of his hospitable domicile gave it the name of "The Baker."

Soon after the new road became the route to Phillips Joseph and John Hoar moved on to it from the old road on the hill. Then Ezra Tibbetts settled south of Uncle Boodry's, and the Abbotts made farms near by. Still farther south and a little east of the road, Mr. Kinnie settled. Near the mill on the Long Pond outlet came Cyrus Morrison. To the head of Long Pond went Tom Boodry and Jerry Ellis. Between them and Sandy River bridge were one Lufkin and others. To the top of Beach Hill came old Mr. Moores from Madrid. Down the hill southerly settled old Mr. Oakes, William Moores and others.

About the beginning of the 50's a log school house was built north of and near where the Greenval Hotel was. Here religious meetings were held and a Sunday school organized by Lyman Haines, who had lately come from New Hampshire and settled on the opposite shore of the lake. There was another school house about a third of a mile south of the site of Rangeley village. Before that, school was kept in the log cabin on the hill southeasterly from the village site previously occupied successively by John and Noah Haley and "Gov." Brooks.

It was from this cabin that the wife of Noah Haley was taken by a mob early in the 40's.

Gracious mighty, Henry, have you forgotten that January about fifty years ago when we were going "out" on wheels, when there was neither snow on the ground nor frost in it?

OLD LAKER.

The Value of Salt.

Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank, will instantly relieve heartburn or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in a half-pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic; and in case of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, especially after the extraction of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.— *Hall's Journal of Health.*



What The Sportsman Will Do

If the following becomes a law. Every non-resident of the State of Maine who engages in the hunting or killing of moose, caribou or deer in any county in the State of Maine shall be required to pay to the State \$25 for every bull moose, \$15 for every caribou and \$5 for every deer shot, taken or killed by him or had in his possession in open season. Such sums shall be paid to the commissioners of inland fisheries and game and to persons by them authorized to receive it and shall forthwith be paid into the State treasury.

From F. S. Dickson, Esq., of Philadelphia, RANGELEY LAKES has received a very interesting article from The Outlook on the subject of road making. We give a few extracts which illustrate the making of roads much in vogue in this section.

The Spectator has recently had evidence of the enlightening influence of travel. For years he has had occasion to walk, to drive, and to wheel over a certain piece of country road, a piece of road as bad as a combination of mud and sand and sods and loose stones can make a road. Last summer he found this piece of road not only good, but excellent and improving all the time, until in the autumn it was as good a dirt road as anyone could want. The other day the Spectator chanced to see the overseer of the "deestrick"—the same overseer, by the way, who has had charge for twenty-five years past. "I wish to congratulate you, Mr. Overseer," said the Spectator, "on the good road you have made. It is fine, fine!" The rugged face of the overseer was wreathed in smiles, and his cheeks glowed with pleasure. Then, as he spoke his look became serious. "Well, I tell you how it was, Mr. Spectator. Last fall I took a drive down to Blank"—naming a large town sixty miles away and three counties off—"and I seen some roads that made me ashamed of the mud-holes up here, and I says to myself, 'If ever I work the roads of my deestrick again, I will have good roads too.' So I asked 'em how they did it, and, by George! they tell me that they didn't do nothin' but keep the stones outen the road, keep the sods off, and open up the ditches so as the roads wouldn't wash. And that's all I done this spring; but I kept on a-doin' it, and though we had the worst washes this summer I ever see, the roads in my deestrick have been better than they ever was afore. Next year," he continued, "I mean to tell the Town Committee that I will take a mile more of road, and don't want no more money than I been gettin'."

These road-scrapers, by the way, the Spectator is convinced, as at present used, do more harm than good. They are a lazy man's easy way to do much harm in a very little while. They were invented to shape up a properly formed dirt road, a

and such money thus received by the treasurer shall be and become a permanent fund for the protection of game, the interest of which shall only be used for that purpose annually. If any non-resident shall violate or attempt to violate this section he shall be fined \$50 and costs and said penalty shall be paid to the State treasurer as apart of the permanent funds. There shall be attached to every moose, caribou and deer transported under the provisions of this section a tag signed by the commissioner stating that this section has been complied with.—*Eastern Argus.*

road tolerably, if not entirely, free from stones. As now used they scrape into the sod between the roadway proper and the ditch, and throw all the material—sod, stone and dirt—into the very middle of the road. Through this the horses must flounder and the wagons be painfully dragged till this material is washed back to the place whence it has been taken. Then the road is much improved. That is, the road is much improved when the work of the road-scraper has been undone and the road is again in the condition that it was before it received the unkind but well meant attentions of the road overseer. When a dirt road has been placed in a proper condition, the road-scraper can be used to great advantage and with much economy. The experience of the old overseer who has been quoted in the first paragraph proves that, without more money than is usually spent on road repairing, in one season a thoroughly bad road may be made excellent, and this without using a scraper at all. This having been done, the scraper can be used so that for eight dollars a day—the pay for four horses and two men—it can be made to do the work that would cost at least twenty-four dollars without it.

PORTRAITURES OF CHRIST.

Singular Diversion of Views by the Great Masters.



IT IS a singular fact that throughout the entire New Testament there is nothing regarding the personal appearance of Christ, and the early fathers of the church, who doubtless knew something of how he looked while on earth, are equally silent about it. A portrait of him has been claimed by some to have come down from apostolic times, and that copies of it were taken and are still extant. That this statement has no foundation in fact would appear to be evident from the circumstance

that the old masters, in their representations of the Saviour, follow no recognized model and are as various in such portraits as were their conceptions of what the real Christ should be.

This diversity must be apparent to all who have examined such paintings in the Louvre and other large collections. In Fra F. Lippi's "Madonna and Child," for instance, an exquisite creation, the face of the infant Saviour, though perfect in contour, has a look of precocious intelligence which seems unnatural in one so young. Carlo Dolce, Murillo and others, though displaying different types of child life, are perhaps equally successful in conveying a nearly satisfying ideal in their representations of the child Christ. They all, however, pay no regard to ethnic considerations in their work, and as a result the face is Italian, French, Spanish or Flemish, as the case may be, rather than Jewish, as it should have been.

In paintings of the man Christ there is a still greater diversity noticeable, as would be naturally expected. The face of Christ in F. R. Francia's painting, "The Virgin and Two Angels Weeping Over the Dead Body of Christ," is probably the divinest conception of it ever traced on canvas. Though the face is evidently that of the dead, all the emotions of the soul seem to be mirrored upon it. In Borgognone's "Christ Bearing the Cross," Correggio's "Ecce Homo," Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo," all marvelous creations, as well as in others perhaps equally meritorious, however different they may be, they at least convey an ideal Christ, which does not shock Christian sensibilities, as does Munkacsy's representation of the Saviour in his famous painting "Christ Before Pilate."

NEIL MACDONALD.

Phillips & Rangeley R.R.

TIME-TABLE

The only Direct and All Rail Route to the Rangeley Lakes and Dead River Region.

Monday, Nov. 2, 1896.

EAST.		MIXED. P. M.
Boston, de.	E. Div.	7.45
Portland, de.	W. Div.	8.30 A. M.
Phillips, de.		2.30
Madrid, de.		2.55
Reed's Mill, de.		3.05
Sanders' Mill, de.		3.25
Redington Mills, de.		4.10
Log Track No. 2, de.		4.20
Dead River, de.		4.40
Rangeley, de.		5.00
		5.20

WEST.		MIXED. A. M.
Rangeley, de.		6.00
Dead River, de.		6.20
Log Track No. 2, de.		6.35
Redington Mills, de.		6.50
Sanders' Mill, de.		7.50
Reed's Mill, de.		8.20
Madrid, de.		8.32
Phillips, de.		8.42
Portland, de.		9.10
Boston, de.		5.45
		9.20

A. B. GILMAN, President. F. E. TIMBERLAKE, G. P. & T. A.
GEO. PHILLIPS, Supt.

TIME-TABLE Sandy River Railroad,

MONDAY, Oct 5, 1896.

NORTH.		Train 1. A. M.	Train 3. P. M.	Train 5. P. M.
Farmington, lv.		9.30	2.22	4.35
Strong, lv.		10.15	1.40	5.10
Phillips, ar.		10.45	2.10	5.35
SOUTH.		Train 2. A. M.	Train 4. A. M.	Train 6. P. M.
Phillips, lv.		7.45	9.	1.15
Strong, lv.		8.10	10.1	1.40
Farmington, ar.		8.40	11.0	2.15

WESTON LEWIS, President. F. N. BEAL, Supt.

Sandpaper

Will Make

A Board Smooth,

Once Used
Always Used

As Good
As the Best.

But It Isn't
Quite the Thing
For a Man's Face.

The Best Treatment for the Face is

Ellis' Lotion

A 6 oz. Bottle for 50 Cents.

This Lotion will positively cure all facial blemishes.

**Blackheads,
Pimples,
or Blotches**

Of every description, rendering the skin soft and the complexion clear.

Has no equal for

**Eczema,
Hives
and Itching Piles**

And kindred troubles, checking irritation at once and soon effecting a permanent cure.

Chapped Hands

**Dandruff
and Scalp Diseases**

Yield easily after a few applications of this lotion.

**Delightfully Soothing after
Shave.**

Read this Testimonial:

A Physician's Recommendation.

PHILLIPS, Me., April 25, 1896.
Mr. NATT ELLIS,
Rangeley, Me.
DEAR SIR:—I have used Ellis' Lotion in a case of Barber's itch and think it the best of anything I ever used for the purpose. I personally know of its giving excellent satisfaction in cases of sunburn, hives and pimples.
Yours truly,
E. B. CURRIER, M.D.

Lots of Others Just as Good.
For further particulars, or circulars address

NATT ELLIS,
Sole Manufacturer,
Rangeley, - - Maine.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R-I-P-A-N-S

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



Job Printing

NEATLY EXECUTED,
At This OFFICE.

Cosy Corner.

Mrs. Harry P. Dill, Editress.

Unmated.

Just a little flimsy cover,
For a very dainty hand,
Wonder where now is the other?
This I found upon the sand;
On the sand I found it lying,
Like some little flower dying.
White it is and made, I reckon,
Of a sort of silken thread;
There it lay and seemed to beckon—
Seemed as though its fingers said:
‘I am lost! my lady lost me,
In this chilly sand she tossed me.’
Ah! I see, it is the left one,
Yes, I think I understand;
Tell me, dainty glove, bereft one,
Why she drew you from her hand?
Oh! he asked her, did the laddie?
And he had a ring. Oh, had he?
And the lady, was she blushing?
Oh! she was? I thought as much;
You could feel the warm blood rushing
At the laddie's merest touch!
Then they rose and so you missed her:
Ah! what's that? you say he kissed her?
Dear, dear me! poor glove neglected
On a stretch of sandy beach,
While the hand that you protected,
Vanishes beyond your reach:
You and I to meet were fated,
Both of us forlorn, unmated.

—Truth

In Other Days.

How long ago it is in reality and yet how short the time seems to the mother and grandmother of today since they were little girls.

‘The light of other days!’ What happy days those were, and how well most of us would like for a season to live them over again.

Many as are the privileges of children now, I am certain that they are no happier than we were, indeed I am quite sure that we appreciated our blessings even more than some of the children of this very progressive age.

We are a little lax about requiring of the rising generation those things that are for their future as well as their present good, and then complaint is made because the youth of today are not as considerate of their elders as they should be.

For example in this matter of sewing. Formerly a little girl who did not know how to sew was a ‘‘rara avis,’’ of the kind that no mother was especially proud to have among her brood.

How many households are there that do not own among other treasures, the ancient patchwork quilts, whose varied designs and innumerable stitches show the patience and skill of the designer and maker. Patchwork was long considered the A B C of the art of sewing and not until we had mastered that were we allowed to proceed.

The bright colors had a certain fascination which helped in the careful setting of each stitch that we might win the approval of mother or teacher, for some of us can remember when sewing schools were held on one of the half holidays of the week.

As we were not obliged to attend, and as it was quite different from the ordinary routine, while the novelty lasted we rather liked it.

But better than this was a seat at home near enough to the dear mother, so that we could watch her and receive instruction at the same time. How delightful were those lessons, and the stories we begged to hear of the time ‘‘when she was little just like me.’’ Through the open door we could see the sunny spaces and shady nooks where we meant, when our task was done, to have such a good time with a favorite playmate and the pet dog that was taking a quiet nap in preparation for the frolic.

I wonder if little folks nowadays have such a feeling of virtue rewarded as we had when the work allotted us for the day was done, and well done, too, for that was a part of the bargain.

When I can first remember the ‘‘time limit,’’ for girls to learn sewing, had been advanced to seven or eight, whereas in earlier days it was no uncommon thing for little ones to sew very neatly before they were five years old.

Does this seem hard? I think not, for it was only turning the natural activity of a child into useful channels, and from patchwork the promotion was easy to sewing for the dolls, which every little mother liked to see well dressed even if they did not care to play with them.

And these early beginnings made, later, those capable girls and women, who, if anything was amiss with their wardrobes knew exactly how to repair them, for had not their own hands fashioned each and every article.

In these days of well made, exceedingly pretty and inexpensive underwear it would be a waste of time to make by hand garments that would cost more than they could be bought for ready made. But it is only within a few years that underwear has come to be satisfactory to those who like nice work, and it is just because there was a demand for something approaching hand work that manufacturers have given attention to improving the quality of their goods.

Where then shall we draw the line, and say so much shall be done by hand, and so much by machine or purchased ready made? As the answer would make this article too long, we will leave it to be ‘‘concluded in our next.’’

For Baby's Comfort and Adornment.

CLARA S. EVERTS.

When we take baby away from home in the fall or winter, we need a little extra clothing for him, to prevent his taking cold from change of atmosphere, unaccustomed drafts, etc. For this there is nothing better than a little sacque of some kind. Handsome ones are crocheted from whipcord, crochet silk or from Saxony yarn. If of the latter, they are prettier finished by a narrow edge done in star crochet silk, as both of these silks launder beautifully. I prefer them made of the pretty soft French flannels, with edges pinked, and above this a bit of silk embroidery. One shown recently was of soft white flannel with a catstitch of golden Roman floss worked all around it. Another, made from scarlet flannel, had a small delicate vine outlined in black Medieval silk. One of delicate blue had tiny pink sweet peas worked in Asiatic outline silk.

If baby's socks are knit from Victoria knitting silk, they will be warmer, softer, more serviceable and launder better than if knit of wool. Baby's hood, too, will be prettier and warmer if crocheted from star silk and lined with a bit of soft China silk.

When baby gets a little older, to prevent him falling from his high chair, procure a ribbon two inches wide and a yard long. On this with Asiatic filo outline the words, ‘‘For Baby's Safety,’’ and pass it around his waist and tie securely to back of chair. —N. E. Homestead.

‘‘For the land sakes! what are you doing!’’ And Mrs. Old Woman threw up her hands in abject horror, while her prematurely wrinkled face revealed the consternation which she had so vociferously expressed.

‘‘Only mopping the carpet!’’ said her neighbor, Mrs. New Woman, greatly enjoying the perturbed condition of her morning caller.

‘‘Well, I never! you do beat all! what won't you do next! Did you give the carpet a good sweeping first?’’

‘‘No, indeed! Why should I needlessly expose my lungs? I could collect but little dust as the carpets were well shaken this fall. Should I sweep first, what little dust there is would fly about, lodging on the walls, furniture and pictures, then I

must needs wipe off the latter with a damp cloth, and I prefer, you see, to use the damp cloth on the carpets.’’

Well, they do look uncommon bright, I'll allow! Did you use just clear water and no soap?’’

‘‘To a pail of clear hot water, I use a tablespoonful of ammonia. My mop is made of old knit underwear, which I can wring very dry. I use it for this purpose only; sometimes I put in the pail a handful or more of coarse salt to disgust the moths and to brighten the colors. I've learned that carpets need not come up so often when thus cared for.’’

‘‘The frequent removal of surface dust prevents its sifting through. I was surprised to find this floor so free from grime, when the carpet was taken up. This gentle wiping up of all the dust is far less wearing on a carpet than the broom which always takes away some wool.’’

‘‘Well, I must say your carpets do look fine; that Brussels in there is as bright as a new silver dollar!’’

‘‘That's been in constant use for a decade, and it hasn't been up for three years. I clean it every few months with a floor brush. I have a recipe or soap mixture, which I prepare for this purpose—some of the ingredients are sure death to bacteria, as well as moths.’’—Table Talk.

Poultices, fomentations and plasters deserve consideration. The poultices commonly employed are made of linseed or bread, the latter being used when small areas only require treatment. There is only one right way of making a linseed poultice; there are various methods of applying it—some nurses preferring one basis, some another. To prepare the poultice, take a large bowl and thoroughly heat it with hot water. Pour this out and put in sufficient boiling water to make the poultice of required size—the amount is found by experience. Into the boiling water sprinkle the linseed and stir gently. Continue adding linseed until the mass has become semisolid, then spread on the poultice basis with a hot spatula or knife (heating the spatula in boiling water prevents the linseed sticking during the process of spreading). The poultice basis is made of linen, calico, brown paper, muslin or carbolized tow. The latter is best adapted for hospital use, and, though a little more trouble to prepare, is, when continuous poulticing is required, to be strongly recommended for private work also.

Unless special orders are given, poultices are applied as hot as can be borne and changed every three or four hours. Between a poultice and its bandage a thick layer of non-absorbent cotton wool is placed. A large poultice applied to the chest is conveniently kept in position by a few turns (round the body) of a flannel bandage, four inches wide, provided with braces of the same material passing over the shoulders, their ends tacked to the bandage.

Fomentations are hot, moist applications used for the relief of pain or to allay inflammation. They are made of flannel or lint, some form of antiseptic lint being used in surgical cases. Over the fomentation when applied is placed mackintosh material or oil silk, non-absorbent cotton wool and bandage (in this order). It is frequently directed that one or more teaspoonfuls of turpentine shall be sprinkled on the fomentation. In this case no mackintosh or oilskin is used, lest by retaining the vapor blistering may be produced. In the absence of waterproof material, dry heat may be used instead of moist.

Mustard plasters should be made with cold water. A tablespoonful or more of mustard is taken and stirred with sufficient water to produce a thick, creamy fluid. It is spread on layers of tissue paper, cartridge paper, or less advantageously, on linen, the edges turned over, a couple of layers of muslin placed on the surface of the mustard and applied to the part as directed.

When ordered for children, the mustard must be diluted with three to four volumes of flour, their skins being highly sensitive to irritants. The time a mustard plaster may be left on varies with the sensitiveness of the part; from 10 to 30 minutes usually suffice. On removal the skin must be cleansed from all particles of mustard and a little vaseline or zinc ointment applied. A poultice is sometimes ordered to be sprinkled with mustard. This should be a mere sprinkling—a tablespoonful or so over the whole poultice. It cannot be borne as long as a simple poultice.

Any room may be used for the sick so long as light, ventilation, warmth, freedom from drafts and general comfort are preserved. In infectious diseases a room should be chosen, if possible, at the top of the house, and stripped of all unnecessary furniture. Nothing should be left in the room which cannot be destroyed or subjected to a rigorous disinfection.—New York Ledger.

Lady Visitor (at office of eminent physician)—‘‘I have called, doctor, to ask if there is any cure for sleep-walking. I have had the habit for years, and lately it has become worse.’’

Dr. Highprice—‘‘It can be cured madam. Take this prescription and have it filled at Colde, Steele & Co.'s.’’

‘‘Colde, Steele & Co.? Why that is not a drug store; it is a hardware store.’’

‘‘Yes, madam. The prescription calls for a paper of tacks. Dose: Two tablespoonfuls scattered over the floor before retiring.’’—New York Weekly.

Among the new lawns and dimities the all-over designs seem to have the lead, and the pink, green, blue and heliotrope grounds thickly patterned with conventional designs in white, and various other Persian effects, are the first to attract attention in the stores; but the delicately tinted grounds with stripes and dots of white are still here and will be worn again this season. Red is one of the fashionable colors in this material, and it is produced in all the varying purple tints which prevail in the wool stuffs. A canvas material which is all cotton, and comes in a variety of both dark and light colors, is recommended as a success in the process of laundering, and will be used for the coat and skirt style of gown. The Eton and bolero shape coats, elaborately braided, will doubtless prevail, and another material, which will lend itself to this fancy for braiding, is the ‘colored linen,’ which, in plain blue, makes the prettiest kind of morning dress. Linen batistes have blossomed out in a great diversity of patterns and some of the prettiest are Dresden designs in plain and flowered stripes.

DAINTY DESSERT.

One quart of milk, one-half box gelatine soaked in the milk about one hour, then put on the stove and when boiling add the yolks of four eggs well beaten, with one cupful of sugar. Remove from the stove, and stir in the whites of four eggs, thoroughly beaten, flavor with vanilla and turn into moulds to harden.

Mrs. Lucy P. Thompson.

Rangeley.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.

Boil five medium-sized parsnips until tender; take off the skins and mash them fine; add a tablespoonful of flour and a beaten egg; make into small cakes and put into boiling hot lard or beef drippings in a frying-pan. When fried a delicate brown put on a dish and serve hot.

ORANGE DROPS.

Grate the rind of one orange and squeeze the juice, taking care to reject the seeds. Add to this a pinch of tartaric acid; stir in confectioner's sugar until it is stiff enough to form into small balls the size of a small marble. These are delicious.

Rangeley Lakes

Published every Thursday morning; by the

Rangeley Lakes Publishing Company,

HARRY P. DILL and ELLIOTT C. DILL.

Editors and Proprietors

Entered at the Rangeley (Maine) Post-Office as Second Class Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 Per Year
In Advance.

Devoted to the Interests of the Whole
Rangeley Lakes Region.

ADVERTISEMENTS Rates Reasonable, and will
be made known on application.

Address all communications to

RANGELEY LAKES, Rangeley, Maine

RANGELEY, ME., THURSDAY, Mar. 4, 1897.

Henry R. Fuller, of Temple, was the only guide from this county who could be found to appear in favor of licensing guides, although the emissary sent into the Rangeley region tried hard to find two who would "have their expenses paid" if they would be present. Who is putting up money so lavishly to help through a bill that has so few defenders?

The reports of the hearing on the license of guides as sent to the Press, is misleading in one point. Among the guides present from this county to oppose the bill was Grant Fuller, of Stratton, he spoke against the bill in the afternoon. At the evening session among those who favored the bill was "Guide Fuller, of Franklin county," this latter is H. R. Fuller, of Temple, and should not be mistaken for the former guide.

Those Boston and New York "pot-hunters" who are furnishing money to fight the Guide's License bill, of which Commissioner Oak declares he has proof, must be putting it in some spot where it does not count. Every dollar that has been expended by the Franklin and Oxford county guides has been raised by individual contribution in these particular sections, and it is from here that the main opposition has come. But then, pot-hunters never flourished in this section.

When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be.
When the devil got well, the devil a saint was he.

Poor old Jock Darling, who has more notoriety as a proclaimed poacher than any other Maine guide in times past, has been very poorly in health. He was able to be at the recent hearing on guides' license, at Augusta, and gave his ideas. "The license law is just what is wanted. With it the problem of game protection is solved." The old guide is sick and saintly. We hope for his recovery to his former health, but, following that event, reports from the Sebois will be awaited with interest.

A Good Record.

The following is the number of feet hauled for the week ending Feb. 13, from the Berlin Mills Co's camps. The distance was 5½ miles. Robbins hauled 71,400; Garland, 72,950; Quinn, 63,680; Jones, 93,500; largest count, 80 trees; largest load, 8350.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

SENATOR MURPHY ON FISHING.

The New York Senator Tells Some Marvelous Stories of the Fly.

Edgar Gibbs Murphy was there, says the New York Journal. It was the Hoffman House cafe in New York. The great wing shot had just accomplished terrapin by a new rule, and was dredging in a stew pan with a huge spoon to make all well.

"How much do you load with, Edgar?" broke forth from a gentleman who was talking "shoot" with a friend across the table.

"It depends on the man," replied Mr. Murphy, absently, beginning an equitable division of the terrapin: "it all depends on the man, old chap. Now for me, a magnum makes a very fair load."

"But I'm talking of 10-gauge guns," retorted the questioner.

"Oh, beg pardon!" said Mr. Murphy; "I didn't understand. Five drams of Dupont and an ounce and a quarter of shot you'll find about the thing."

"It's marvellous to me," continued Mr. Murphy, complainingly, "that I can only gain acknowledgement in the minds of men in connection with a gun. Now, I'm a fair shot; I admit that. In fact, after thinking it over, I'm obliged to concede that I haven't an equal at the traps. But, after all, I'm far swifter with a rod and line than with a gun; a much better fisherman than a wing shot."

After a few moments devoted to silence and terrapin Mr. Murphy resumed:

"All this summer I was on the coast of Maine. Splendid fishing up there; magnificent! I instituted some new fangled fly fishing up in Maine this summer. Let me tell you about it."

"Until 'long toward dinner time, of course, I would fish in the regular old-fashioned way; that is, I'd fish for fish. But the innovation was this: 'Long toward dusk, when it was too dark to do the ordinary work with rod and reel, I turned in and fished for swallows from the front porch. Fifty of these birds would be cutting the air about the hotel, fly hunting in the dusk of the evening. I'd get on the front porch with a light colored fly and cast for swallows. Throw it right out into the air and one would grab it. I caught hundreds of swallows this summer."

"But, after all, my long suit was bats. Bats used to come around pretty thick on certain evenings, and then I'd fly-fish for bats. I have caught twenty bats between dark and bedtime. Talk about game! you ought to get a bat on your hook once. Trout and black bass aren't in it with them. Even an eel has to lay down to a bat for sport. Of course, you have to be careful and not let them run out too much line on you, or they'll tangle in a tree, or take a half hitch about a chimney."

"I did an unusually skilful piece of work fly-casting this summer. The halyards on the hotel flagpole got loose in some fashion, and one end ran clear up to the cap of the pole—what sailors would call the main-truck. There was no way to get it down. The pole was too slender to climb. It looked as if we would have to take the pole down to get the halyard, or else close the game altogether and quit flying our flag. This last wouldn't do a minute. I was bound to fly the nation's emblem. It's the one thing I insist on with a hotel; it must fly the Stars and Stripes while I'm a guest."

"Now, while I care nothing about fishing as a science, I am skilful at fly casting, and I am withal fertile in expedients. I brought out my fishing tackle, and, although it was fully sixty feet to the knot on the halyards which showed on the under side of the flagpole cap, I cast for it. I fastened a hook in it the first cast. After that, of course, it was easy. I reeled in on my line and brought the halyards along with it. Our flag floated that day just the same, thanks to my fly casting skill."

Many a man who is a good shot in this world hopes to miss fire in the next.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.

REGULATE THE LIVER **ALL DRUGGISTS**

Phillips Locals.

A well attended meeting of the Grange was held Saturday last.

Marcellous Skofield has been off duty on the P. & R. road for a few days on account of a severe cold. He has been staying with his parents.

The Rangeley train has so much lumber, pulp and birch to pick up along the road that it is frequently behind time.

Spool making has again been started at Austin's spool mill.

Hon. Joel Wilbur and wife returned from Washington Wednesday of last week. Mr. Wilbur was quite ill on his return, but has slightly improved. He is still very weak.

Will Ross lost a valuable mare Saturday, the cause is not known.

Hinkley, Cragin & Field put out a very fine sign Saturday.

Town meeting Monday March 15. No slates to be smashed so far as known.

Rev. Mr. Nottage has extended an invitation to North Franklin Grange to attend divine services at the Methodist church Sunday morning March 14. The Grange has accepted.

Fred Wells who has been at Peterson's Rips, is in town.

Bert, Bailey is home from North Jay, where he has been working.

The first shipment of spools from Austin's spool mill was made on Monday of this week.

A large amount of poplar for pulp is being shipped from this station.

Miss DeMott, took Miss Cora Wheeler's place in the Baptist choir on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Nottage exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Buzzell on Sunday morning. There was a good attendance at both churches.

Mrs. Lucy Quimby is moving to Manchester, N. H.

Mr. Samuel Harnden who has been seriously ill is a little better.

A certain man who resides in Avon, visited one of the birch mills in town one morning recently and requested the proprietor to go to his house some two miles away and look at some birch which he had yarded there. Accordingly the mill owner harnessed his team, drove to the man's house, looked at the lumber and after buying it with the understanding that it was to be hauled to his mill right away, he drove back home. That very afternoon the man hitched up his team and forthwith began drawing the birch to the other mill with all possible haste. Such is life but it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Dan Wells is selling a good quality of edgings around town from Austin's mill. Many of them are good sized slabs and red hearts which make them very good wood.

Ernest Kennedy, of Avon, is tending stable for W. J. Ross.

It is really an attractive spot, the C. O. D. market, we mean, for one whose knowledge of fish is confined to brook-trout, suckers and chubs, to take a look into Mr. Sawyer's market. This week he has cod, cusk, white halibut, mackerel and oysters, in the fish line (no pun). In meats you can secure choice cuts from beef, pork, mutton, lamb and smoked ham. Order team every day.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Obituary.

Clarence Marshal Davis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Davis, was born in Phillips, March 19, 1851, and died at the home of his parents at the upper village Monday, the 22d day of February. He received his education in the public schools of his native town. In 1874 he opened a hardware store of which he was proprietor for about 21 years. By strict attention to business, pleasant and sociable manners, and sterling integrity, he accumulated quite a little property and was regarded as one of our most successful business men.

It was about the same year that he was united in marriage to Emma A. Record, an estimable lady and a resident of this town. Fifteen or sixteen years ago a tendency to lung trouble began to develop in Mrs. Davis which the strong east winds of Maine aggravated, and it was thought best to try a warmer climate. Accordingly in the fall of 1887 she went to Monrovia, California, where she spent the winter, and then with the condition of her health somewhat improved came back to Phillips. Remaining here nearly two years, and the former consumptive symptoms reappearing, she returned to California, where she and her daughter, Myrtle A. Davis, a beautiful young lady of 16 years, have since resided. Mr. Davis has spent four winters in that southern and sunny climate.

Two years since, he sold out his business here, with the purpose of rejoining his family in Monrovia, and there to remain if not forced away by the climate to which he was not accustomed, but after a six month's residence, from December to May, he was obliged again to return north. For several months he was in the book store of his brother-in-law, Lewis V. Winship, of the well-known firm of Chandler & Winship, of Lewiston.

During the years of enforced separation of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, it was their custom to write once a week, and one of the last things Mr. Davis did, only a few hours before his death, was to mail a communication to his wife.

Several years ago Mr. Davis lost the use of one of his eyes, which of course, was a great misfortune to him. Since then he has been laboring under a nervous depression which seemed to increase, especially within a few months of his death.

The deceased was recognized by his large circle of acquaintances, as a man of excellent habits; standing well in the community in which he had been reared, and of which he had been an upright and honored citizen for more than a score of years.

For a number of years he served as town clerk and also was town treasurer. He was president of the Phillips Savings Bank and a director both of the Savings Bank and of the Union National Bank. These responsible positions he filled with fidelity and efficiency.

It goes without saying that in all business and social circles, in which he moved, and especially in the family of his father and mother, who loved him most tenderly and whose love was most surely reciprocated, and by his wife and only daughter, from whom he was separated by a contingent, he will be greatly missed.

Rangeley Lakes Guides' Association

Organized Nov. 7, 1896.

JAMES MATHIESON, President.

FREEMAN TIBBETTS, Vice President.

ARTHUR L. OAKES, Secretary,

GEORGE OAKES, Treasurer.

E. B. HERRICK, Collector.

DIRECTORS :

Elmer Snowman,

Frank Nile,

Alva Sprague,

Charles Haley,

Aaron Soule,

Melvin D. Tibbetts,

John J. Wilbur.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ELMER SNOWMAN

AARON SOULE.

FRANK NILE.

"The object of this Association shall be to protect and aid in the propagation of fish and game; to secure wise and practical legislation on all matters pertaining to the interests of the fish and game in the waters and forests known as the 'Rangeley Lakes region;' to secure good reliable guides for sportsmen and tourists, to regulate a uniform rate of wages for guides belonging to the association.

"Rangeley Lakes" the Official Organ.

From a Well-Known Guide.

Editors of Rangeley Lakes:

Some friend sent me a copy of RANGELEY LAKES for which they will please accept my thanks.

I read with interest the letter from T. F. Tibbetts in that number, and will say it contains more sound sense to the square inch than all the bills and amendments that have been introduced in the Maine legislature on the fish and game question during the session.

I must plead guilty to the impeachment of being one of the lately discovered blots on the body politic, the "Maine Guide." For years I have endeavored to interest all the guides throughout this section in the protection of game, and will say that no better friends of game protection can be found in the State, but I fear that the result of this astounding demand on them, and the way they are being represented by the commissioners at the hearings before the committee will have a tendency to undo the work of years, and bring the guides to look upon the commissioners and wardens as their personal enemies, instead of friends as they should be.

When the commissioners with a liberal salary and expenses will ask the guides to do the work which they and their wardens are paid for doing, and not only ask, but demand and enforce the demand, with heavy fines, and not only this, but make the guide pay for the privilege of accommodating, and enforce payment by more fines, then oblige them to go somewhere (and the bill is dark on the where) to be examined by somebody, or something, perhaps have to travel miles by rail, subjecting them to unnecessary cost and expense, all for what? That the commissioners should get the dollars. It makes a man begin to doubt his own sanity.

But seriously, the discussion and the slurs at guides will cause a breach between the guides and commissioners which it will take years to heal, if ever; and if all this work had been asked of the guides as a matter of courtesy, and in a manly way, it would have been cheerfully performed, and more reports would have been sent in than they can collect by force.

B. L. FOWLES.

Boyd Lake Me., Feb. 20, 1897.

From A Sportsman.

To the editors of Rangeley Lakes.

In view of the present discussion of the guide's license bill, I beg leave to submit the following:

As it is now. As it will be.

Game and fish. No game or fish.

Sportsmen. No sportsmen.

Guides. No guides (unnecessary).

The existence of fish and game in abundance in the State of Maine has been the cause of attracting a class of men who love fishing and hunting. They naturally go where such sport can be found.

In order to accommodate such a class of people, railroads are built, hotels spring up, farmers profit by the market thus provided for their product, and the entire community is benefited.

One of the first necessities of a sportsman is a good guide, and the demand for guides has resulted in a certain class of men taking up the occupation—as honorable in every way as any other trade or profession and, as likely to be adopted, by honorable men.

The above shows that the character of guides is as good as that of men in any other walk of life—it shows why they are necessary—it shows why hotels and railroads are built and for what;—mainly because there are sportsmen and there is game. Now the game seems to be holding out and the fish are plentiful and there seems to be no good reason for changing the present order of things. Shoot all the game, catch all the fish, and what will then support your railroads and your guides?

It really does not seem necessary for a man to take out a license in order to know that his bread and butter depends on the preservation of the fish and game, and are not the hotel keepers, the railroads, and the farmers equally interested in maintaining this "hen with the golden egg?" I think the game and fish are abundantly protected—with all these interested parties and that the cause for the license law will be found somewhere else. C. G. G.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19, 1897.

Deer Killed by Dogs.

The attention of the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission of New York state has been called to the killing of deer by dogs which roam the game districts of the state. This information comes from Mr. Charles Fenton, a hotel proprietor in the Adirondack region. Mr. Fenton says that probably 200 deer have been killed in the woods in the past three weeks. A large number of dogs were lost by owners during the last hounding season. They are running wild, and are as ferocious as wolves, and cannot be overtaken. Forty carcasses of mangled deer are near his place as evidence of the work of the dogs. It is the belief of sportsmen, hotel men, and friends in the western Adirondacks that unless hounding is prohibited or greatly restricted, as provided for in the Malby or Sanger bills now in the Legislature, there will be an almost exterminative slaughter of the deer this season.

This, to us, seems to be an exaggerated statement; but it is an undoubted fact that there are a great many dogs without owners, and they are as destructive to deer as wolves. A few wild dogs in a deer country will do far more to deplete the region of deer than many sportsmen hunting legitimately.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

FIGHT WITH A RATTLER.

A Guide and His Dog Attacked in the Adirondacks.

BLEEKER, N. Y., August 7.

Rattlesnakes have not been alarmingly plentiful in the Adirondack region so far this year, and no fatalities have been reported; but Jerry Parker, the guide, has had an experience with a rattler that is about as thrilling as anything in its line that ever took place in these historic mountains.

Parker was up in the mountains one day last week with his gun and dog. He tramped about all afternoon, but saw nothing worth shooting at. Just about dusk Jerry whistled to his dog, turned about and started down the mountain side for home. The trail along the portion of the mountain followed by Jerry was pretty plainly marked, and there wasn't much danger of the hunter getting lost.

Despite his inability to shoot anything on account of the scarcity of wild game Jerry was in good spirits. He whistled loudly and with boyish exuberance. That is probably why Jerry didn't see the big rattlesnake on which he stepped with a suddenness that was surprising alike to reptile and hunter.

The snake wriggled from beneath Jerry's foot with amazing swiftness. It coiled itself, darting its head angrily back and forth. The heady eyes gleamed in the fast gathering darkness like spiteful jets of flame.

Jerry raised his gun but before he could shoot the dog was on the snake. Quick as a flash of lightning the snake circled through the air and curled itself around the dog's neck. The dog howled with fright. Jerry hunted around in the gloom of the trail until he found a stick. The dog was fast weakening, and Jerry was not a moment too soon in going to the animal's rescue. With the stick he beat loose the terrible reptile's hold. Freed from the perilous clutch of the snake the dog staggered about for a moment and then fell to the ground out of sheer weakness.

But the snake was not vanquished. It writhed about the earth with incredible swiftness, and then raised itself and shot through the air at Jerry with all the malice of its species. Its fangs caught in the guide's coat sleeve. With a cry of terror Jerry tore the lashing reptile from him and hurled it into the undergrowth skirting the trail. A moment later it sinuous, deadly body wriggled back into view. Jerry quicker than thought, leveled his gun and fired. A gush of yellow flame belched from the gun's mouth, but the shot went wide of the snake. Jerry realized that unless he speedily killed the reptile he would probably be his victim. The darkness was growing deeper and deeper with each succeeding moment. The lights in the straggling streets of the town that lay below had been twinkling a full half hour. Throwing aside his gun Jerry clutched the stick with which he had freed the dog and prepared for another attack.

A frightened yelp from the dog indicated that the serpent had again attacked the intelligent canine. Once more Jerry sprang to the rescue and succeeded in saving his valuable dog. The animal got a great many of the blows intended for the snake, but it is probably thankful that it was no worse.

The snake dropped from the dog's back and attacked Jerry. It hissed spitefully much after the manner of a cat at bay when the nifty guide sprang at it in the darkness of the roadway. The man's eyes were sharpened by fear, but while his vision was abnormally keen it was not as telling as that of the snake's.

Again the desperate snake sprang at the man; again it failed to strike a vital spot. Jerry was beginning to feel the effects of this queer battle. The trembling in his limbs, and the perspiration that dripped from his face, warned him against prolonging this unequal battle. The guide raised his stick in the air and cut savagely

at the shadowy form of the snake.

To his joy the blow had not been aimed in vain. The stick struck the snake just back of the head killing it instantly. The reptile fell an inert mass at Jerry's feet.

Jerry called rather weakly to his dog and staggered down the trail toward home. The next morning the guide went back up the trail and measured the snake. It was four feet and a half long.

It had eighteen buttons, and was one of the largest rattlers ever seen in this region of the mountain.

From an Interested Person.

RANGELEY, Me., Feb. 29, 1897.

To the editors of Rangeley Lakes:

Please sir I would like to say a word in regard to the Guide's License Bill. I am no guide so you may say it is none of my business; but I think it concerns others as well as the guides, and we shall find it so before one year if the bill is passed.

I think Mr. Carleton is no sportsman nor guide or he would never have thought of such a thing as a license. I think it will cut off ten percent of our summer visitors the first year and in ten years Rangeley will be what it was twenty years ago.

If this is a free country, why is it not free to guides as well as to any one else? They don't want to be sold off like so many dogs, and taken into the woods where they must take along a memorandum and take down every thing they see, say, do or hear, and the size, weight, number, measure, and name of all the game taken. What have the guides done that they should be treated in this way? Is there any reason for it? If there is I should like to know what it is.

Do you think the guides would burn or destroy the forest and timber land? No, the guides would fight against fires as long as Mr. Carleton would, that is a poor excuse. The guides can and will protect the forest and game if you will let them alone. Do you think there is a guide in Rangeley that would shoot a deer and leave it in the woods, or set a fire in the woods and go away and leave it burning? The guides will do a fair thing if you use them well but they don't want to be driven like cattle to the pasture.

It is not the license fee that hurts them, it is the idea of being used so mean without any reason. When a poor man has to pay for a right to work it is hard times. I don't believe in using a poor man like a dog. They don't guide for fun; if Carleton thinks it is fun he might try it for a week or more and lug a big pack or row a boat every day and see if he would not want all he got out of it, and not have to write all night or pay his fine. J. D. OAKES.

When a knob comes off a door handle it can be fastened on again by filling the cavity in the knob with sulphur; then heat the iron end of the handle, which goes in the knob, just hot enough to melt the sulphur; put the knob in and let it cool and it will be firmly fixed in its place.

The leaves of plants need washing in order to remove the dust that gathers on them and fills up the pores. Geraniums, and like hairy and soft-leaved plants, are best washed by taking them to the sink and syringing them thoroughly. Glossy-leaved plants, such as camellias, require to have the leaves sponged off one by one. In all cases soft and tepid water should be used.

Fill a wire hanging basket with good, rich earth, then moisten the ground and scatter parsley seeds over the surface and hang at your kitchen window. This little wrinkle gives you fresh, crisp parsley all winter, besides giving the kitchen a cheerful, homelike look.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

IT BEATS ALL.

THE NEW "CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART"
THROWN OPEN.

[Special Correspondence of RANGELEY LAKES]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24.—The unexplainable freak which caused the managers of the affair to call a jam of between five and six thousand persons a "private view," while it may have caused some bad thoughts on the part of some of the women who had handsome and costly gowns ruined in the crush, had no effect upon the magnificent new building of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, thrown open this week. Those who are familiar with all the famous art galleries of the world declare the new building to be ahead of anything of the kind in America, although, of course, its collection of paintings, statues and other art objects is not as large or as valuable as some other in this country; but it is growing steadily, like the art school connected with it, which is slowly but surely making a place for itself in the art world. About everybody in official and resident society, from President and Mrs. Cleveland down to the \$1200 clerk and his wife, attended the "private view," although admission was by card, and it rained cats and dogs the entire evening, not to mention some five thousand nobodies like myself. The trustees may be a little mixed in their ideas of what constitutes a "private view," but they have proved their level-headedness in sizing up public sentiment by announcing that the gallery will hereafter be open to the public free of charge from 1 to 4 o'clock on Sundays. This was probably Mrs. Cleveland's last appearance in public as the President's wife, as she has gone to Princeton with her mother and her children, but will return next week.

Society has seldom had a busier week than the present one and the daily sessions of the Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution have taken up a considerable portion of the time of many of our most prominent women. The Cabinet ladies held their last reception to-day, and as everybody wished to say good-bye to them they were all crowded. There were two regular Cabinet dinners this week, one given by Secretary and Mrs. Francis and the other by Secretary and Miss Morton. The British Ambassador and Lady Pauncfote broke the record for a single week by giving three large dinner parties and a card reception, all in honor of Lord Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada, and Lady Aberdeen, who are their guests. This is the second visit that Lord and Lady Aberdeen have paid to Washington and they both express themselves as being in love with the city and its hospitable people. They are certainly receiving adulation enough to please the most exacting wearer of a title of nobility. Mrs. Hearst also entered into the spirit of the occasion and gave two musicales, at both of which Mme. Nordica was the stellar attraction. Mr. John R. McLean gave a dinner to-night to about 100 gentlemen, in honor of Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan, whose name most of your readers have seen or heard once or twice during the past seven or eight months. The Cotillion Club wound up its entertainments for this season with a dance; the Dancing Club ditto, and the number of dinners, teas, receptions etc. would easily fill a solid column of your paper. It is as though everybody was trying to crowd three or four weeks into one, and how some of the persons who are apparently seen everywhere manage to get any time for sleep is more than I can see. One lady was heard to say at the British Ambassador's reception that she had not slept six hours in as many days. In addition to her society duties she has taken a leading part in the D. A. R. Congress.

Congressmen receive some peculiar requests from their constituents, but a New York member of the House has a letter

that goes a little ahead of anything in that line seen of late. It notifies the Congressman that the writer and his wife are coming to the inauguration, and asks that arrangements be made to have his wife's wardrobe fully and minutely described in the leading newspapers of the country. A New England member has received a request to get ten seats in the gallery of the House of Representatives for the Inaugural Ball, but not to pay over \$2.50 apiece for them. He can get his constituents ten seats in the House gallery for nothing, but as the House will not be in session after noon on Inauguration Day and will not be lit up while the Inaugural Ball is going on in the Pension Building, nearly a mile away, he is afraid they would not enjoy them; and if he buys them tickets to the ball he will be \$25 out unless they will double their limit.

Gen. and Mrs. Alger will have the advantage of most of the new Cabinet circle. They have secured a lease on the elegant furnished house, on LaFayette square, just across from the White House, formerly occupied by Secretary and Mrs. Lamont, and will take possession before Inauguration Day, while, with the exception of Senator Sherman, the other members of the new Cabinet will have to go to hotels for a time.

Phillips Locals.

Stephen Quimby has one of finest grade Jersey heifers to be found in this section. She is not yet three years old but is as large as a cow. For the past ten months she has furnished his family with all the milk, cream and butter that they have used, and his family has not been a small one; besides they have sold some butter.

Miss Alberta Mathews of the Lewiston Sun, came to her father's Friday, for a short visit.

Miss Luette Timberlake returned home last week, and brought with her, little Mildred Timberlake, of Livermore.

The next meeting of the King's Daughters will be held on March 12, with Miss Emma Timberlake. Quotations will be from Thackeray. Members are especially requested to bring some kind of work with them.

S. G. Haley, who has been unwell for several days is much improved.

The funeral of the late M. C. Davis occurred Wednesday afternoon Feb. 24, under the direction of Blue Mountain Lodge, No. 67, F. & A. M., Pilgrim Commandery, of Farmington, sent 15 Sir Knights as escort. Rev. O. F. Alvord, Universalist clergyman, of Kingfield, officiated at the funeral services at Union Church. The floral decorations were very fine. They were sent by relatives, friends, the Lodge and Commandery. The interment was in the old cemetery, the memorial work being given by P. M., B. T. Parker.

Joel W. Carlton has been confined to the house. He took a severe cold.

Mrs. Wm. B. Wheeler is ill with tonsillitis.

Saturday, March 13, is to be an all day meeting of the Grange, with a harvest dinner. As matters of importance are to come up it is necessary for every member to be there.

Next Saturday evening is the baked bean supper at the Grange hall under the auspices of Phillips Commandery Order of Golden Cross. The supper will cost you ten cents but no admission is charged.

Ben Whittemore has begun cutting ice in the mill pond again and it begins to look like another thaw.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were below zero mornings.

Saturday night Blue Mountain Lodge, F. & A. M., held a special meeting; about fifteen were present from Davis Lodge, Strong, and quite a number from other lodges. The third degree was worked, followed by a banquet.

When a child is born into the world the physician is presented and gets about ten dollars for officiating at the important event. The editor heralds the advent of the stranger and gets a cursing for making a mistake as to the sex and date of arrival.

After a while the child becomes a man, the minister is called to perform the marriage ceremony and walks off with a ten dollar bill in his pocket for his trouble. The editor is again called upon to chronicle this event by drawing on his imagination to make the bride and groom the best and most respectable people in the county. His only pay is to be asked for a few extra copies of his paper to send to some absent friends.

In time the once baby, once happy groom, but now a man well advanced in years, is brought down by death. Again the physician is called in and makes his bill, the undertaker is present and officiates at the funeral, and in time wants \$100 for performing the last sad rites, while the editor is expected to complete the drama by holding up the deceased as a model gentleman, and one who at present is flying up the golden stairs. The probabilities are at the same time that the baby, the groom and the dead man have been so infernally stingy that he had stunted his wife and children and had never contributed one cent to the support of his local paper.

What does the editor get? He gets left.
—Middleton (Pa.) Advocate.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

TWO OLD GENTLEMEN GET TOGETHER AND
EXCHANGE STORIES.

"Oh, yes, I played in those days. Baseball was baseball then," and the old gentleman sighed over what he evidently regarded as the decadence of the great national game, says the Detroit Free Press. "Now they get nine men together and make a machine of them. The whole thing is nothing more nor less than animated mechanism. Then we had a live ball, and I used to sling a hickory bat pretty nearly as a rake handle. You can imagine what came off when I made a hit. The crowd would hear something like the shriek of a shell, and then the umpire would toss out a new ball, while I chased two or three runs in ahead of me.

"Now, just to illustrate," and the retired veteran of the diamond began making a diagram, while his hearers grouped about him. "Here's where we played at Newcastle, Pa., with the old Neshannocks. Charley Bennett was catching. Here runs the Ohio river, way to the rear of the grounds, which lay open to the high bluff which marks the bank. Now, Bennett was doing some mighty batting, and a fellow from a college nine was giving him a tight race. Each one of them rolled a ball over the bluff and I began to fear for my laurels. But the third time up I saw one coming that just suited. I settled well on my feet, concentrated all my strength for one supreme effort, swung old hickory, and when the ball quit going it struck water half way across the river. Why, they stopped the game to try and take measurements, while professional managers were offering me all kinds of money. I was the hero of the hour, the king of the batters, the—hello, there, Judkin; delighted to see you. It's more than twenty years—"

"Yes, the last time we met was at the game you just described."

The old gentleman turned a little white about the mouth, but rallied with infinite generalship. "Yes, of course, you were there, and it was a day of miracles, for you went down to the river and caught a ten pound bass that was served that night at the hotel."

What fisherman could resist such a temptation with the beautiful lie all framed for him?

Judkin flushed and inflated with pride. The two jolly rogues went out together. Before the evening was over that ball had been knocked nearly a quarter of a mile into the country beyond the river, and that bass was fifteen pounds strong.

Maine's Own is Always the Best.

Every State has its own Keeley Institute. Maine's Keeley Institute is in Deering. Every train on the Maine Central and the Portland & Rochester Railroad stop at this station (Westbrook Junction). It is the best, the nearest, and cheapest and has a Keeley graduate for its physician, who understands every pang and want of the patient. This is the only Keeley Institute in New England authorized by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, or the Keeley Co. to do business in Maine. Look around you and see the permanent cures from your own Institute.

YOU WANT
THE BEST

And that is what you will get if you subscribe for the

The Bangor Semi-Weekly News

The best publication of its kind in Maine.

Twice a week.
One Dollar.

It contains all the latest news by telegraph, cable and special correspondence, with unexcelled market and marine reports. More news from Maine towns than can be found in any other paper.

Legislative News.

Our own special correspondent at Augusta will furnish all the news of the Legislative session. These reports will not be equalled by any other paper.

News of Congress.

Full telegraphic reports of each day's doings at the national capital will be found in the Semi-Weekly News.

Send in your Subscriptions.

The Semi-Weekly News is published on Tuesday and Friday of each week, and the subscription price is only \$1.00 a year.

Bangor Publishing Co.,

Bangor, Me.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS

Claims, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for Modest Fees. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.
Ripans Tabules.
Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.

SILVER AS THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

FREE SILVER WOULD HELP THE BIG FARMER BY CUTTING DOWN THE WAGES OF HIS HIRED MEN.

A Cool, Calculating Farmer Explains the Situation to His Wife—He Thinks He Will Gain Nearly \$2,000 by the Sixteen to One Scheme—Half of This Will Be Taken From the Wages of His Farmhands—His Wife Shocked at the Idea of Cheating Their Hired Help—Will Do Her Best to Prevent Bryan's Election.

Farmer—I reckon this free silver's about the best friend of us farmers that's come our way since the war. Allowing Bryan's elected all right this year, I calc'late I'll be worth nearly \$2,000 more next year than now.

Farmer's Wife—Nonsense, Harve! I don't believe silver's going to make folks rich. One'll have to work for a living if Bryan's elected just as hard as if he isn't.

F.—I don't deny but what you're head's level there, Jane. Some folks will have to work harder, but it won't be us farmers. We'll come out on top with free silver. That's sure's shooten.

F. W.—What crazy notion's in your head now anyhow? D'you think farmers are smart enough to make laws that'll take money out of other folks' pockets and put it into theirs?

F.—P'r'aps not, but they're going to try it. I s'pose you don't see how free silver'll help us, but I do.

F. W.—If you'll take my advice, you'll not bother yourself to death trying to get rich by free silver. I'll warrant it won't work as you calc'late.

F.—I'll tell you one way it'll help me, Jane. You know that if we get free coinage we will have silver dollars worth 'bout 50 cents—same's Mexican dollars now.

F. W.—I thought Bryan said that silver'd be worth just as much as gold when we get free silver.

F.—Yes, that's what he says in the east so's he won't scare the millhands and savings bank folks too much. But he don't talk that way out here, because he know's that ain't what we're after. We want cheap money, so's prices of wheat, corn and pork'll be twice as high, same as in Mexico.

F. W.—Supp's'n they are. Wouldn't you have to pay twice as much for clothes and groc'r'es and everything else you'd have to buy? If you got \$2 instead of \$1, you'd have to spend \$2 instead of \$1. It'd be as broad as it is long. If that's the way silver's going to make you rich, you'll never get rich.

F.—But I wouldn't have to spend \$2 for every \$1 I spend now. You know, we've at least two hired men the whole year and three to five more from April to October, besides the hired girl for the rest of the year. Do you reckon I'm going to raise their pay when we get free silver?

F. W.—I s'pose so. Why shouldn't you?

F.—Just because I wouldn't have to. P'raps after a year or so I'd give 'em \$2 or \$3 more a month, but nothing like double what they're getting now. I calc'late I'd save between \$800 and \$1,000 in wages—not quite so much on John and Dave, because they board with us, and of course the prices of some of the things they eat would go up, but I'd save 'bout half on my day hands who live and board at home. That's how I figger it, and it's 'cording to the opinion of Governor Boies and other big silver people. They say farm wages is too high for profits and that silver'll bring 'em down.

F. W.—And so that's why you're for free silver, Harve Grimes; want to cheat

your poor hired hands out of half their wages, men who now can hardly keep their families out of the poorhouse! I thought it was them Wall street Shylocks and goldbugs you're after with your free silver stick and that you're trying to square accounts with them rich fellers, but it seems—

F.—Hold up there, Jane! Free silver's going to save us 'bout \$1,000 on what I still owe on that \$4,000 mortgage. Who d'you think'll lose that?

F. W.—I don't care who'd lose it. 'Tain't right to cheat anybody, but I wouldn't say a word so long's it's somebody who could afford to lose it, but when it comes to cheating your poor neighbors it's time to put a stop to it. I don't care if you never get that other farm paid for. I guess we won't starve on this old farm. I'm going to tell John and Dave and all the others just how free silver will hurt them, and I'll get them all to vote against Bryan. The idea of such farmers as you trying to elect Bryan to cut down the wages of your hired men! I'm ashamed of you, I am!

Wages Go Up Slowly.

Every cheap money experiment ever tried in this or in any country has demonstrated that, while prices respond quickly to changes in the value of money, wages respond but slowly. Hence, though wages appear to rise when money is depreciating, they are in reality falling. The difference in rapidity with which wages and prices go up has been illustrated by prices going up in elevators while wages walk up the stair steps. It is certain that wage earners always lose and never gain by being paid in a depreciated or depreciating currency.

Confiscation of Property.

A farmer who had his crop of wheat stored in his granary or a manufacturer who had his warehouse filled with the products of his factory would think it an outrage if the government should insist upon confiscating one-half of his wheat or his goods. What better is it by the adoption of free silver coinage to confiscate one-half of the wage of the laborer or one-half of his accumulated savings, or one-half of the dower of the widow, or one-half of the pension of the soldier?—Philadelphia Record.

Restore the Zero Freezing Point.

In the haste in which the Democrats at Chicago prepared their platform they forgot to include the plank declaring in favor of restoring the natural freezing point of zero. Mankind has suffered and shivered tremendously because of this inhuman standard of temperature adopted undoubtedly at the instigation of coal barons and quack doctors. Without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation let us proceed to lower the freezing point and to reform our climate in the interests of the masses.

Want the Best Tools.

The farmer and the mechanic must be free to use the very best tools and implements, and the merchant and banker must be free to use the very best money and instruments of credit. An honest and stable measure of value is just as necessary to both as are honest and stable measures of weights and quantities, and it requires no argument to show that without these it would be impossible to transact the ordinary business of the country.—Hon. John G. Carlisle.

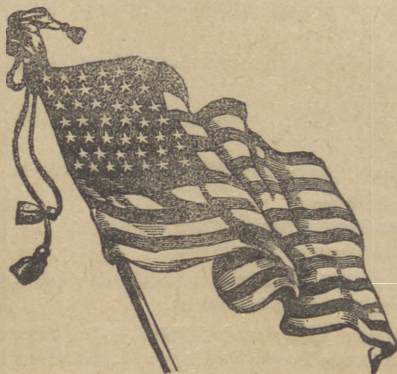
The Declaration of Independence

Was written by the man who said, "Just principles will lead us to disregard legal proportions altogether, to inquire into the market price of gold in the several countries with which we shall principally be connected in commerce and to take an average from them." But W. J. Bryan says it is disgraceful to talk about adjusting our currency to the currencies of the world.

The New York Weekly Tribune

For

EVERY member of
EVERY family on
EVERY farm, in
EVERY village, in
EVERY state or territory
For Education,
For noble manhood,
For true womanhood.



IT GIVES all important news of the Nation.

IT GIVES all important news of the World.

IT GIVES the most reliable market reports.

IT GIVES brilliant and instructive editorials.

IT GIVES facinating short stories.

IT GIVES an unexcelled agricultural department.

IT GIVES scientific and mechanical information.

IT GIVES illustrated fashion articles.

IT GIVES humorous illustrations.

IT GIVES entertainment to old and young.

IT GIVES satisfaction everywhere to everybody.

We furnish Rangeley Lakes and N. Y. Weekly Tribune

One year for \$1.25,

Cash in advance.

Address all orders to

Rangeley Lakes, Rangeley, Me.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Tribune Office, New York City, and a sample copy of the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

Going to RANGELEY?

Well, if you are, why not go by the.....

Most Pleasant Route?

Leave the cars at Phillips and enjoy a carriage drive through 20 miles of the Switzerland of America. Ten miles shorter than the rail-route, and far more beautiful scenery.....

W. J. Ross's Livery Stable

Can furnish you the best single or double or four-horse hitch, with or without driver, at reasonable rates. For further information write to or call on

W. J. ROSS, Phillips Me.



C. W. BARRETT, Builder of Cedar Boats and Canoes, also Canvass Covered Canoes

Write for Circulars to

C. W. BARRETT, Rangeley, Maine.

An Object Lesson In Silver.

There is an American silver dollar. There are two Mexican dollars. There is more silver in each of them than in the American dollar. I bought both of them for that. What is the reason? The sole reason is that our dollar is a limited coinage, backed by gold. There is another coin. That is a French 5 franc piece. I paid 95 cents for that. It carries a little less silver than the American silver dollar. France and the United States are both gold standard coun-

tries. They keep in circulation a thousand millions of silver, and Mexico and China and Japan have not got one dollar of gold in circulation. The gold standard country can keep silver in circulation. The silver standard country can keep no gold. That is the example of every nation today. Gold all leaves the free coinage country. Gold and silver both circulate in the gold standard countries.—From a Speech by Senator Lodge.

RANGELEY LAKES.

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Society Notes, Rangeley.

Saturday, Mar. 6. Regular meeting Rangeley Commandery No. 408, Order of the Golden Cross. Meet in Church Vestry.
Wednesday p. m., Mar. 10, Regular meeting W. C. T. U., at the Library.

Society Notes, Phillips.

Monday, Mar. 8, Regular meeting Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 65, A. O. U. W. Hall in Bates Block.
Tuesday, Mar. 9. Mt. Saddleback Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 92. Hall, Beal Block.
Wednesday, Mar. 17. Regular Communication, Blue Mountain Lodge, No. 67, F. & A. M., at Masonic Hall.
Thursday, Mar. 4, Regular meeting Cushman Post, No. 87, G. A. R., at Grange Hall, at 2.00 P. M.
Thursday, Mar. 4, Regular meeting Woman's Relief Corps at Grange Hall, 6.30 P. M.
Saturday, Mar. 13, North Franklin Grange, No. 186, Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Hall
Saturday, Mar. 6, Regular meeting Phillip Commandery, No. 492, Order of the Golden Cross. Grange Hall.

Local Paragraphs.

Rain.

Amos Ellis was in Phillips Friday.

Henry Tibbetts was in town Monday.

Twenty-nine below last Monday morning.

Emery Haley went on a trip to the city Monday.

Two engines brought the train in on time Tuesday night.

Harry Furbish and Frank Hewey went to Seven Ponds, Wednesday.

Henry Tibbetts has sold his house on Allen street to H. A. Furbish.

Mrs. Emma P. McCard is acting as librarian at the W. C. T. U. Library.

Mrs. Ed. Greenwood came in Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. John Russell.

Russ Spinney, a former Rangeley guide, but now of the Aroostook, was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Marble leave today, (Thursday) for an extended trip to Boston and New York.

T. J. Dillon, of Bath, and E. J. Gay, of the Willows Hotel, Farmington, were at the Oquossoc Friday night.

Phin Richardson returned from Augusta Friday evening. He was present at the hearing on the Guides' License Bill.

The large engine, Geo. M. Goodwin, broke down Saturday night and is being repaired. The snow plow is also somewhat injured.

Miss Annie Thompson, Miss Elsie Collins and Frank Pillsbury drove to Toothaker & Kimball's logging camps and back last Saturday.

The Messrs. Thomas have finished their work on the Rangeley Lake House and returned to Farmington, Wednesday, driving home by team.

The proprietors of the Rangeley Lake House have had furnaces put in for heating the dining room and the office whenever there is a cold day.

Fred J. Iilsley, of Portland who is well known from his connection with the building of the P. & R. road was again elected alderman in Ward 1, on Monday.

John Russell came in from Phillips Thursday driving his team. He was over six hours on the road. He walked his horse nearly the whole distance from Madrid.

Emery Haley, Superintendent at Camp Caribou, Parmachenee Lake, is in town. He is taking a two week's vacation, having completed the winter's work at the camp.

Messrs. Thomas, from Farmington, arrived in town Friday night. They drove in by team and were all day on the road. They are to do a little mason work on the Rangeley Lake House.

Ed. Hinkley is sick.

John Herrick was at home over Sunday. Twenty-four below zero Saturday morning.

Capt. F. C. Barker was in town over Sunday

Calvin Moore of Phillips, was in town Monday.

Natt Carr was out from Kennebago, Monday.

John Collins was home from Redington over Sunday.

Isaac Ellis came out from Eben Hinkley's camp Sunday.

Landlord Marble, of the Oquossoc, was in Farmington Saturday.

Mrs. G. L. Kempton left Monday for a few week's visit in Boston.

Loring Haley and Gilbert Oakes came from Seven Ponds Sunday.

Plenty of snow so lots of wood and lumber being hauled into the village daily.

The chimney on the house occupied by Alexis Blodgett, burned out Sunday night about 6 o'clock.

A. L. Dennison, of Brewer, was in town Wednesday. Mrs. Dennison returned home with him.

Miss Olive Esty and Miss Lulu Herrick took dinner at Toothaker & Kimball's camps last Saturday.

Capt. Marden is at work in the village repairing clocks and watches and is giving very good satisfaction.

Bernard Ellis went to Eben Hinkley's camp with a load of hay Sunday and returned Monday morning.

C. L. Boston, Frank Chandler and Ira Whittemore, of the P. & R., were at the Oquossoc House, Tuesday night.

It is understood that the guide bill will be modified to meet the objections of the Rangeley Lakes guides and be reported favorably by the committee.

Albert R. Rogers, of New York city, who was at the Rangeley Lake House last season is now, in addition to insurance business, the general advertising agent, of Mr. G. W. Morris, the well known guide book publisher, of Portland.

Capt. C. W. Howard, of Portland, has purchased the steamer line on Rangeley Lake from Mr. E. S. Dingley, of Farmington. The Capt. proposes to have a fast boat and make the trip from Rangeley to the outlet in 30 minutes, or less.

Prof. Geo. F. Towle, of Amesbury, Mass., formerly of Canton, Me., has our thanks for papers from his city containing accounts of entertainments by local talent at which the orchestra with which Prof. Towle is connected furnished the music.

Mr. Marble is having a tank built by Mr. Haley which he is to take to the Sportsmen's Exposition and kept filled with water from his celebrated mineral spring. The tank will have a cedar tree moulding around the top, the bark being left on, and a bank of evergreen will surround the tank so that it will resemble a spring.

That Between-Meal Lunch.

If the children require a between-meal lunch, or think they do, health demands that it shall be very simple.

Bits of pies, cookies, meat or cake may be convenient, and it may seem economy to have these pieces thus disposed of, instead of appearing at a regular meal, but they should not be given to the little ones.

Plain bread and butter, or bread and milk, nothing richer or more complex of digestion, should be given between meals.

It will save many interruptions and much impatience on the part of the mother if the bread and butter is prepared at the regular meal and set aside for this light lunch.

An Old Voter.

I have often noticed in newspaper items some of the old voters tell the number of presidential tickets they have cast. I was not old enough to vote at the time Jackson was elected, in 1828, but I was present at the great democratic celebration in honor of his inauguration, March 4, 1829, in Phillips. Capt. James Mitchell seemed to take the lead. I think they had a small cannon from Farmington and it was a great time for those days.

I have voted at 17 presidential elections; 11 of those whom I voted for were elected. I have been present at three National conventions, and was a delegate to the Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln.

SEWARD DILL.

Soquel, California.

Board of Trade.

At the regular meeting Tuesday evening, after the regular business had been transacted, the subject of committees was talked over and it was decided to have five additional committees, which were selected and filled as follows:

Railroads; W. L. Butler, Phineas Richardson, G. L. Kempton.

Manufacturing; C. W. Barrett, J. R. Toothaker, Geo. M. Esty.

Improvements; G. A. Proctor, Chas. H. Neal, Walter Oakes.

Advertising; F. W. Miller, Harry P. Dill, J. A. Russell.

Entertainment; H. A. Furbish, W. D. Quimby, W. S. Marble.

These committees are to look after everything that comes under their respective departments. Adjourned to Tuesday evening, March 16.

Avon.

Mrs. B. G. Barker has returned home after spending a week with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Morton, who is quite sick.

Willie Sampson took unto himself a wife last Saturday night, Miss Julia Hackett.

Effie Hillgrove is on the sick list.

Mrs. Whitney and Willie Churchill visited at R. L. Hillgrove's, Sunday.

Helen Holman has been quite sick the past week. Dr. Lelia Higgins attended her.

Julia Tobey and Nettie Royal of Rangeley have been visiting Mrs. Hiram Kennedy.

Town meeting was postponed one week on account of the sickness of Hon. Joel Wilbur.

Mary Thomas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mahala Morton.

Frank Savage came out of the woods Saturday night for good.

Grace Masterman, from Weld, visited her aunt, Mrs. A. W. Berry, last week.

Jim Ellis is visiting his son, Elmer, in Weld.

Chester Hight has gone to Boston to work.

Oliver and Ernest Masterman, from Weld, were in town Monday.

A. W. Berry was in Weld, Sunday.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.

A little kerosene put on the dust cloth will brighten furniture wonderfully and prevent the dust from flying from one piece to another.

A little ammonia added to the paste used for cleaning silver will halve the labor, double the lustre, and treble the time it will keep clean.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or \$1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Synopsis of February Weather.

1. Fair and frosty. W.
2. Clear, milder. W.
3. Cloudy, milder. N.
4. Springlike, clear. E.
5. Springlike, clear. S. W.
6. Cloudy. S. W.
7. Rain, snow, mild. S. E.
8. Clearing. S. W.
9. Fair, squally. W.
10. Fair, windy. W.
11. Fair, cold. W.
12. Hazy, cold. W.
13. Fair. S. W.
14. Fair and mild. S. W.
15. Hazy and chilly. S. W.
16. Stormy, snow. N. E.
17. Cloudy, mild, snow. W.
18. Cloudy, mild, snow. W.
19. Fair and pleasant. W.
20. Fair, quite warm. W.
21. Mixed day, mild. S. W.
22. Cloudy, mild. N. E.
23. Heavy snow storm. N. E.
24. Windy. W.
25. Fair, nice day. E.
26. Fair, frosty. W.
27. Fair, frosty. 23 below. E.
28. Fair, very windy and cold. W.

February would pass for a good month, not very blustering, plenty of snow and quite mild.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Rangeley Village Corporation occurred at the town hall last Monday afternoon. Geo. M. Esty was elected moderator; E. I. Herrick, acting clerk. The reports of the assessors and treasurer were read and accepted. The following amounts were raised: To complete hose house, \$300; for necessary equipments to fire apparatus, \$50; lighting and care of street lights, \$75. The assessors were instructed to hire an amount not to exceed \$250 in case hydrants were put into the village; for contingent expenses, \$25. W. L. Butler, G. M. Esty and H. T. Kimball were chosen assessors for the ensuing year. No clerk was chosen.

What They Say Outside.

The Portland Board of Trade Journal, after quoting RANGELEY LAKES' report of the first meeting to organize the Board of Trade, says: "Yes! let every citizen join and have a good working Board of Trade, and with your unsurpassed natural advantages and great, elegant hotel you cannot help but make at once one of the most delightful and popular resorts in America. It all lays in your hands to make the place what you would have it."

Dallas.

The school in this place commenced Monday, Charlie Prescott, of Phillips, teacher.

Timothy Tibbetts has been sick about all winter.

Cyrus Campbell is having a severe time with one of his legs.

William Collins went to Temple last week.

Fred Lamb, Otto Lamb and Leland Nile went to Stratton and back this week.

Elias Haley who has been sick a long time is still very low.

Orrie Haley was kicked in the face by one of his horses last week.

MARRIED.

Phillips, Feb. 27. by B. Emery Pratt, Esq., William E. Sampson and Miss Julia M. Hackett, both of Avon.

BORN.

Dallas, to the wife of William Thomas a son.

Rangeley, Feb. 25, to the wife of Chas. Toothaker, a daughter.

Avon, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Trask a son. Weight, 10 pounds.

Blue Mountain Kennels.

Bull terriers from six weeks to fifteen months old. Dogs and sluts for sale at reasonable prices. S. WARREN BATES, Prop., Phillips, Me.

The dog at the Mooselookmeguntic House, the past summer, was bred at these kennels.